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care for reading stand it on board ship, when there is nothing else going on. If he has the love of reading, he wants nothing else; and so I don't see how, when people go abroad and look at pictures and statuary, they can appreciate that art unless they have read about it and know what those things mean.

Your work is education of soldier and sailor along those lines. I have been asked to answer two questions: In the first place, is the work appreciated, and in the second place, is it worth while? I think I am speaking as one having authority, and can say that after close observation I know your work is appreciated. You can see the answer to that in the ragged books passed from hand to hand, and turned in at the end of each voyage. They certainly show that they are appreciated, and I think that you are entitled to the thanks of the Army and the Navy for the splendid work you have done.

Above all, there is nothing sectarian in your work, and if war should come again, I would like to see in all the welfare activities no religious lines drawn. I don't think they make for the best. We are all one in our endeavor to win the war, to save the country, and it does not make any difference whether the Jewish Welfare Board, or the American Red Cross, or the Y. M. C. A. or the Knights of Columbus direct the welfare work. What difference do creed, race, or color make? There should be no distinction, and you are un-

consciously, perhaps, the pioneers on those lines, because your books are there.

Now, is it worth while? I think I may speak for both services when I say that it is. Your work has been most beneficent; your influence has been far-reaching, far more so than I believe any man or woman here realizes except those who have been aboard ship, and have been to the front, and have been in contact with it. All you have done strengthens the mental, moral, and intellectual fiber of every sailor and every soldier, and all for the glory of the nation.

There is just one suggestion I am going to make, and then I am through. We all know your splendid poster of the soldier with the tin hat and his arms full of books. Many of us watched it while it was in its original conception and the artist was painting it there at the library. Now I am going to tell you a little story, and then you will see the point. A lady coming out of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York was talking to a friend, and was enthusiastically praising the soldiers. She said, "My soul has been in khaki for fourteen months." There was a young sailor standing by, who had also been at the opera, and he couldn't help saying to her, "Madam, couldn't you put your soul in blue for a change?"

I am taking the liberty of suggesting, Mr. President, that when your artist designs the next poster, he will put his soul in blue for a change.

BY FLANDERS BRIDGE: THE ADVENTURES OF AN A. L. A. MAN OVERSEAS

By ASA DON DICKINSON

On December 14 last a group of people assigned to overseas duty with the A. L. A. sailed from New York on the little French liner *Chicago*. In the party were Miss Macdonald of Harrisburg, Miss Fast of Chillicothe, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr of Emporia, and myself. We were joined by Mr. William Allen White, who was going over to report the doings of the Peace Confer-

ence. Norman Angell, also, was on board, very pensive over "The great illusion."

It was a dismal voyage, brightened only by Mr. White's efforts to "come out strong and be jolly," in noble emulation of Mark Tapley. The weather was bad, the food poor, the ship crowded. The temperamental French skipper left the dock in one of the worst fogs New York has ever

known. Fortunately we did no worse than run into a mud bank in the Lower Bay where we lay for twenty-four hours, waiting first for the fog to lift and show us where we were, then for the top of the flood tide to float us off. Meanwhile we watched several ships with more cautious commanders slide by us out to sea. They had taken no chances but remained snugly in their berths till the fog lifted and then sailed away with hours the start of us. The only bright spots of the voyage were the good humor of Mr. White, and the imaginative discourses of the other newspaper correspondents who vied with each other in vivid reports of the advice they had given Wilson and the advice Wilson had asked of them. There was plenty of "flu" aboard. One man died in his berth within a dozen feet of mine. In fact, many a poor fellow was dropped quietly overboard with a round shot tied to his heels before we reached the Bay of Biscay. Christmas Day came and went—it was by no means merry—and we sailed up the Garonne towards Bordeaux on December 28. Our spirits rose as we passed mile after mile of American docks and warehouses, swarming with grinning negro stevedores, who hailed us with jovial inquiries as to the price of watermelons, the bright lights of Broadway, etc.

On landing I made at once for the Y headquarters, which was then and still is, I think, the center of the A. L. A. activities at Bordeaux. There I encountered for the first time a phenomenon with which I was soon to become familiar. I found an accomplished librarian in the uniform and on the pay roll of the Y. M. C. A. but giving her whole time to the conduct of A. L. A. work, and ordering about several hulking but cowed-looking Y secretaries.

Just here let me say that we never could have done what we did in France without the help of the Y. M. C. A. They have stolen a good deal of our thunder, it is true; sometimes, I fear, by wilful misrepresentation of facts, but more often in perfect innocence. Scores of Y men and Y women saw books handled always and

only by members of their own force. Was it not natural that they should assume that they were Y books? Nobody living understands all the intricacies of the relationship between the A. L. A. and the Y. M. C. A. Some day perhaps a German will win his Ph.D. by producing three large volumes on the subject. Till then we must be content with the generalization that the two organizations helped each the work of the other to a very large extent. The Big Fellow won more kicks than ha'pence for his pains. Perhaps the Little Brother would have done no better had he been forced to recruit an equally large personnel in an equally short time.

We found Bordeaux swarming with American soldiers, the streets in charge of American M. P.'s, as seems usual in provincial French towns where large numbers of our troops are quartered. In strolling about the streets, I noticed two little French gentlemen in high hats and frock coats who had become engaged in an altercation. Their voices grew shriller and shriller. Soon the richly sibilant epithet "*Assassin*," which had been the favorite, gave place to an even more opprobrious vocabulary. A crowd began to gather and a big American M. P. strolled up to see the fun. He and I took up good positions on the side lines. Words soon gave place to warlike gestures unfamiliar to the Anglo-Saxon. The open hand would be thrown violently *backward* as the antagonists pranced about each other; but no fist was doubled, no blow was delivered, though tongues and voices continued to work overtime. Then as their rage increased the antagonists began most viciously to spit at one another like a couple of tomcats. This struck Sammy as bad form and he adjured them in no uncertain terms to "Cut that out!" They were beside themselves by this time, however, and paid no heed. On the contrary they made violent efforts to kick each other in the stomach. Then the big M. P., thoroughly disgusted, thought it was time to act. He strode between them, with each hand seized a man by the collar of his coat,

turned them about, and shoved them vigorously in opposite directions with a "Gwan now, youse! Dat's enough! Fade away!" They faded; each toward his home, doubtless. At any rate they disappeared and I went to dinner—a very good one—with some French officers, steamer acquaintances. The only drawback was that, being their guest, I was compelled to eat large quantities of French oysters and pretend that I liked them. After dinner we boarded the night express for Paris. I occupied a *couchette*. The *couchette* is exactly the kind of sleeping-car the Spartans would have had, if they had had any.

In the morning we arrived at the Quai d'Orsay, Paris. A stone's throw away at the Palais d'Orsay the Peace Conference was in session. This was interesting of course, but some of us relished even more the reflection that a little way to the east, along the bank of the Seine, past Marie Antoinette's Conciergerie, the *bouquinistes* and *bouquineurs* of the Quai Voltaire awaited our attention.

As we walked through the station it was something of a shock to see the more or less dainty Parisiennes, disguised as luggage porters, vying with one another for the privilege of tossing about trunks and carrying heavy valises.

Breakfast in the Hotel Palais d'Orsay was next on the program. We of the A. L. A. party marched boldly in, conscious of the good American money in our pouches. But immediately we issued forth unfed and rather disgruntled. You see we had no bread tickets, nor did we know how to get any. But an obliging M. P., as always, came to the rescue and gave us a handful of the special variety which are issued for the use of *MM. les militaires en permission*. So the pangs of hunger were soon allayed if not satisfied—note the grim distinction—and we took our first lesson in Paris food prices. It was very interesting.

Then came a walk across the Pont de la Concorde, built of the stones of the Bastille, and the Place de la Concorde, where

the guillotine parties used to be held during the days of the Terror. Here we saw a German tank and hundreds of captured German guns, set forth for the little French boys to play with.

In a moment or two we came upon a large and shining sign, directing us to the A. L. A. Library. Then hove in sight Number Ten, Rue de l'Élysée, the overseas headquarters of the A. L. A. War Service, and right proud we were of this splendid mansion, formerly the residence of the Papal Legate. He must have been a reprehensible old boy, however, if we are to judge by the number of back stairs and the many secret doors, chambers, and passages which he found necessary for his comfort. Just across the street is President Poincaré's garden, and beyond, the Élysée Palace. It was quite thrilling of a Sunday afternoon to stand at a front window and watch the President of the Third Republic strolling along the paths with his little daughter. We had a fine view, too, one afternoon, of the garden party wherewith official France welcomed Admiral Beatty and his brother officers of the British fleet. Lest the A. L. A. be accused of extravagance, however, let me hasten to explain that the upper floors of the building are occupied by the Y. M. C. A. Entertainment Department, and more than once I have seen the holy calm of our educational department shattered by some red-triangled soubrette, who would breeze in, joyously caroling, "Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?" Then Mr. or Mrs. Kerr would have to explain with dignity who and what we were. I do not seem to remember that the insouciance of the soubrette was ever disconcerted.

A cordial welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson and the other veterans of the battle of Paris was followed by the most trying ordeal which the new arrival in Paris is called upon to undergo—the search for a room. I don't know how many hotels turned me away, but I do know there were dozens of them. It was not a question of price. There were no

rooms to be had at any price. When I started to look for a room I was afraid one of the many reckless, rushing taxicabs would run over me; before the eventually successful termination of my search, I wanted to sit down in the middle of some boulevard and tempt one of the hooting things to put me out of my misery. I ended that exhausting afternoon, I remember, by creeping into the Madeleine and going to sleep. And I stayed asleep till I was put out at lock-up time by a terrific beadle in a large cocked hat.

Now if you will all turn to the large maps in the back of your Paris Baedekers, you will note in the upper right hand corner of the brown one, which comes first, a cozy district, just within the fortifications, called Villette. It is almost entirely given over, please observe, to slaughter-houses, canals, freight yards and warehouses. There it is that the Apaches of Paris most do congregate, and this was the scene of my labors for six of the longest months that ever took advantage of a helpless calendar. The warehouse occupied jointly by the Y. M. C. A. and the A. L. A. is here. The Baedeker map shows the actual building, and here are many other storehouses filled to bursting with the goods of the Red Cross and the U. S. Quartermasters. The railroad station for this region bears the charming name Pont de Flandres. As it is about the only bit of beauty in the neighborhood, I always liked to make the most of that name and so have called this story, "By Flanders Bridge." There is not much poetry about a warehouse, but we may as well make the most of such poetry as there is.

I hope none of you will ever know how cold and damp and dark and dirty a French warehouse can be in midwinter. But it was unmistakably the best place for our business, and we should be thankful that we managed to get a foothold there, and then wriggled about till we expanded that foothold to 25,000 square feet. Freight cars could be unloaded at both front and rear and five or six camions at once could be loaded or unloaded at as many doors in

front. Unfortunately there was no elevator. The French boast these newfangled contraptions only in such hotels as bid for the patronage of Americans. As soon as possible after their installation they are broken, thus saving all the trouble and expense of operating them. Still, when your business is situated *au troisième* and *au quatrième* (on the third and fourth floors), and you are receiving and dispatching every day hundreds of packages, each weighing one hundred and twenty-five pounds, you can't help thinking that an able-bodied American elevator would be a great convenience. We had a substitute, a dangling rope known as a *chable*, operated by a skilled laborer of almost professional status called a *chableur*. And they are very uncertain fellows—those *chableurs*. Every now and then one would take it into his head to quit in the middle of a job, with a camion half loaded or a freight car half unloaded. Then his satellites, the porters, quit too, settling happily down to the practice of the French art of conversation, each man leaning upon his *diable*, as the hand trucks are called. This happens many times a day. You get a job of loading or unloading well under way, and then step away to arrange another. Soon there is a noticeable diminution in the din about you. You miss the familiar screech of the *chable*. Having become suspicious through sad experience, you return at the first opportunity to Job No. 1. *Absolutely nothing doing!* The explanation is always the same—happy smiles, shrugs, "*le chable ne marche pas.*" And it does no good to dismiss the *chableur*. He can easily find work at another warehouse. About all one can do is to propitiate him with frequent offerings of commissary cigarettes and chocolates. Sometimes we tried to break in new *chableurs*. Then a hundred-pound Hoboken box, swinging in mid-air, would work out of its rope and go crashing down through the roof of whatever was beneath, whether camion, freight car, or man.

Just what did we do at the warehouse? Well, at first we merely received books for-

warded to us by the A. L. A. representatives at the ports, and sent them on in the quantities and to the addresses designated by our Paris headquarters. That does not sound very difficult, but the mere bulk of the business kept us moving—and complications developed later. Well do I remember the time when four carloads of books arrived in one day—two of them big American cars. That meant the handling of about 1,200 boxes, 90,000 books, in eight hours of daylight. Another time a convoy train of eleven three-ton camions materialized before the warehouse. Did you ever have thirty-three tons of books drop upon you quite without notice? I may as well confess that they knocked the wind out of me and left me gasping and flapping my hands helplessly for some minutes. Then the circumambient ether became resonant with pigeon French:

"Tout le monde, cherchez les diables! Cherchez les chableurs! Emportez les caisses vides! Tout de suite! Dischargez les camions! Les bouts bleus au quatrième, fiction au troisième! Toujours les numéros en haut! Dépêchez-vous! Beaucoup de cigarettes Américaines après! Dites donc, François, vous êtes embusqué; pas le travail, pas d'argent. Souvenez-vous! Je vais en haut. Allons, mes braves! Le chable ne marche pas? Où est le chableur? Ah, le voici! Attention dessous! Gardez vos têtes en bas là! Allons; dépêchez-vous, garçons! N'oubliez pas les cigarettes! Tout de suite, tout de suite!"

That's the sort of jargon I expect to be talking in my sleep for some time to come. We had some very amusing French helpers. There were MM. Doen and Gillet—a happy pair, recently demobilized. Courty fellows, they were, who would have been right welcome at Elsinore, so they soon learned to answer to the names of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. They were good workers and although one had but to look in their direction to see them always together, side by side, bowing and smiling, they were not at all ridiculous, and I was never tempted to call them Alphonse and Gaston. Some day I expect to see them playing the *boulevardier* on Broadway. Then it will seem most natural to give them Hamlet's greeting, "My excellent

good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern! Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do you both?"

Papa François was stout, elderly, good-humored and strong as an ox. His soldier son, a typical *poilu*, worked with us for a time. The old man had a way of disappearing when work was heaviest. Then the saucy boy would shout "*Dites donc! Où êtes-vous, vieux embusqué?*" The day before the general director of the A. L. A. War Service was to visit the warehouse we were trying to clean up a little. Thinking it might inspire François, I told him *Le Grand Chef* was coming. In my mind's eye I still can see his elephantine pirouette as he snapped his fingers and joyously cried out, "Oh, là, là! Champagne, champagne!" Alas, he was grievously disappointed; there was only an extra ration of cigarettes the next day.

There was another fellow—a timorous, pallid Pole, who was said to have been a student at the Sorbonne. His name was impossible, but we used to call him Macbeth because whenever I looked at him I thought of the bearer of evil tidings and sometimes yielded to the temptation to shout, "Now devil damn thee black, thou whey-faced loon, where got'st thou that goose look?"

The warehouse work ordinarily was not difficult till the educational sets began to arrive. These were to have been assembled in New York. On my last visit to Mr. Bailey, he had shown me with some pride the excellent arrangements he had made for handling this work. But somebody somewhere at the last moment decided that these books should be rushed over to us as fast as they were received, leaving to us the task of assembling the collections. We had no space for it, but by almost a miracle we managed to get the space and the work was done; though it entailed the shutting down of one of the Y. M. C. A. departments. Think of it! The Y appreciated our work so highly that they gave up some of their own activities to allow us to do our job in their warehouse. Indeed, as the A. L. A. came to need more

and more space and more and more men, the Y management gave them to us till I thought often of the tale of the camel and the too-indulgent Arab. For many a long week the A. L. A. camel occupied the best part of the Y-man's tent.

It was no small task to deal with those educational books in the time at our disposal. Many of you are familiar with book aggregations of similar size—about one-quarter of a million volumes. Think what it would mean to receive, unpack, sort, assemble into standard libraries, and re-ship this many books in about six weeks' time. We received them packed in boxes containing each about seventy-five volumes. These boxes had to be hauled up one or two at a time to the fifth floor. Then they were opened and unpacked, and the books were sorted and stacked so that any one of the thousand titles could be found when required. The educational book stock occupied nearly 10,000 square feet closely packed. There were anywhere between ten copies and fifteen hundred of each title, but five hundred was the number of copies ordinarily purchased. The standard collection of educational books filled six boxes and comprised about 450 titles. At the time I left France nearly four hundred of these sets had been assembled and sent out. It is not too much to say that our educational books were highly thought of by all the welfare organizations and by the Army educational men. They made possible the partial accomplishment of the Army's extremely ambitious educational program. The A. L. A. alone had the books that were needed and with the help of the Army Post Office we managed to distribute them in time to be of service. The ordinary weight limitation on mail packages was, I believe, four pounds, but for several weeks the Army Post Office received from us practically every day scores of packages weighing 125 pounds each. Indeed, I am told that for a time the A. L. A. mail exceeded in bulk and weight all the rest of the Army mail put together. It is only fair to say that our books were packed in a Y warehouse,

to a great extent by Y men, and that they were carted from warehouse to Post Office or railroad station in Y trucks.

We were still struggling with the educational books when the people back home began to pay us another compliment. Instead of continuing to send boxes of assorted fiction or assorted non-fiction which could be shipped out again by us unopened, they began calling practically everything "Stevenson Specials," and shipping nearly all their material in that form. That is to say, the boxes were each filled with one or two titles only. This was easy for the dispatch offices but hard on the Paris warehouse. While the educational-book rush was at its height, we had little or no time or space for unpacking, sorting and repacking these innumerable "Stevenson Specials," and we were forced to allow them to pile up till the more important educational sets were disposed of.

But the worst was yet to come. It is, I suppose, common knowledge that the Y tried to stampede the A. L. A. into buying far more educational books than were actually required. When we refused to go further in this direction than we considered reasonable, the Y went ahead and bought on its own account, only to come begging us to help them out of their trouble when vast quantities of their books arrived in France rather late in the day. For reasons of policy we agreed to give them a lift, and soon there was added to our warehouse stock in Paris about 80,000 volumes which had to be plated, pocketed and carded before they could be used.

For some months the Army has gone ahead sending men home faster than the welfare organizations anticipated. So, like the other organizations, we now have a large stock in the Paris warehouse, and will have much more when the salvaged material is returned. My last work in Paris was to estimate the number of books in good condition which will be left on our hands, and to formulate a plan for their disposition. This, however, is neither the time nor place for an exposition of this

matter. Let me rather tell you something of the field trip which concluded my stay in France. It was my first excursion beyond the fortifications of Paris. Dr. Putnam and Mr. Stevenson were both unwilling to have me report at this Conference without knowing anything except Pont de Flandres and the "Métro" line by means of which I oscillated between the warehouse and headquarters.

On May 26 I left Paris for Dijon, on the "American train." In the compartment with me were two American aviators who had been up to Paris to take examinations for the diplomatic and consular service. They had prepared by studying the books on diplomacy and international law which are included in our educational set. So they were glad to direct me how to find the A. L. A. Library at Dijon, and it was well that they did so, for it is in a Y building that is tucked away on a back street and not easy to find. It is a charming place when one finds it, however, and Miss Goddard seems to be enjoying her success there. One of the boys who frequented the library expressed the spirit of the establishment by remarking: "This is one place where the Sam Brown aint got nothin' on yeh." The following morning Miss Goddard was able to leave her library in charge of some trusty volunteers, and to secure for us both places in a Y car which was running over to Beaune, some score of miles away. It was a delightful ride through a country bright with the golden flower of the mustard, which is one of the principal products of the region.

At Beaune we found Miss Long and Mr. Goodrich enthusiastic over the unparalleled success of our work at the A. E. F. University there. Mr. Dickerson had just departed for his new field of service with the Army of Occupation, taking with him the grateful good wishes of everybody. It is not for me to tell the story. Suffice it to say that at Beaune we scored the most spectacular of our successes in France. The A. E. F. University was an ambitious and praiseworthy attempt to do a very big thing in a very little time. The library

end of it actually functioned, thanks to the A. L. A., and early enough in the game to perform really substantial service. How many college libraries in the United States can and do seat fifteen hundred readers at once? How many circulate fifteen hundred books in a day? Was there ever before a library building so crowded four days after the opening that the medical authorities were compelled to close it till it could be doubled in size? These questions are but hints of the good news we shall hear when the time comes to tell the story of our work at Beaune.

In the evening Miss Long and I had managed to break into the ancient Hotel Dieu, the pride of the little city of Beaune, and very interesting it was to walk through the great lofty hall where the good Sisters have nursed the sick since long before Columbus sailed the ocean. At one end of the hall is the high altar where mass is said every Sunday, the patients assisting (in the French sense) without stirring from their recessed beds.

The next morning I returned by train to Dijon and began the long wait for the night train which was to take me on to Gièvres. The time passed quickly, however, in visiting the old palace of the Dukes of Burgundy and in looking over sundry gargoyliferous cathedrals. At the dinner hour I had the good fortune to encounter at the Red Cross canteen Miss North, one of the best of last year's volunteers at the Hoboken dispatch office. She is now in charge of the dining-room at Dijon and I couldn't have been better fed at that canteen if I had been a buck private.

After midnight I boarded the "American train" for Gièvres. There was no sleeper, but a U. S. Department of Agriculture agent and myself had a compartment to ourselves, and we managed to pass the night pretty comfortably. The next morning we enjoyed a real American breakfast of ham and eggs and griddle cakes, the first one I had eaten in France. It was served in what looked like a real American dining-car by spotlessly-clad

colored compatriots of just the appetizing *café-au-lait* shade of complexion affected by our best railroads for their dining-car service. At Gièvres I fell in with Chaplain Evans, the welfare officer of the region. He took me to the headquarters mess to luncheon. This was delayed twenty minutes because the Commanding Officer, Colonel Simpson, refused to sit down without Miss Craigin, the A. L. A. representative. She had been off in her car visiting one of her outlying branches. Please note that the A. L. A. lady was the only one of the score or more of welfare people at this camp who lunched regularly at the C. O.'s mess. This was not the only time I noticed special favors to our people—eloquent testimony of the light in which our service is regarded by the Army.

After luncheon Miss Craigin ran me around in her car to visit her main library, her two branches and several of her many deposit stations, and then away from the camp across a dozen miles or so of beautiful country, odorous with acacia bloom, to St. Aignan, where my old shipmate, Miss Macdonald, holds sway. I hope it may not be construed as derogation of Colonel Simpson's and Miss Craigin's hospitality to say that I am sorry for the people at Gièvres. There is literally nothing but *camp* in the immediate vicinity—no town, no hills, no trees, nothing but barracks, tents, duckboards and dust—or mud. No wonder our service is so highly appreciated there! As we skimmed past the warehouse which the Army built at Gièvres last fall to house A. L. A. books, I was thankful indeed that transport problems had necessitated the removal of our warehouse work to Paris some weeks before my arrival in France.

At St. Aignan we found Miss Macdonald happy and busy as a bee with her big main building, her four branches, and her countless deposit stations. Everywhere on my tour, but especially at St. Aignan, it gladdened my heart to see my old protégé, the "Hoboken box," doing yeoman

service as a sectional bookcase. It should be a matter of record that this box was designed at the Washington headquarters by Mr. Wheeler; but I claim credit for promptly recognizing its merits and defending it against all fussy experimenters. It would be hard to overestimate the share of the "Hoboken box" in the success of our work overseas.

The Commanding Officer at St. Aignan, by the way, is General Malone, who years ago as Captain Paul B. Malone more than once delighted the boy patrons of my library at Leavenworth, Kansas, by readings from his West Point stories.

After dinner with Miss Macdonald in a real old French inn in the charming town of St. Aignan, I departed for Tours, where I arrived at midnight and made my way to the Y. M. C. A. Officers' Hotel. I found the manager sitting in his office with an elderly American Major. The Y-man looked me over rather doubtfully, but finally admitted that he *supposed* I was a part of the A. E. F. At that the old major bounced up and ripped out: "Yes, and a damned *good* part." I was shown to a room at once—about the best room in the house. Later I learned that the old Major had seen something of Mr. Dickerson's work at Beaune.

The next morning I visited "our Miss Yerkes" at her library in the main Y building at Tours. It is sandwiched in between the canteen and an ice-cream garden, but she manages to maintain a library atmosphere nevertheless. I had a talk with her assistant, a Y worker. It was typical of many that I enjoyed with Y people who had been assigned to our service. This lady had been a high school principal at home, and she had accepted the assignment to the A. L. A. with some reluctance. But never had she enjoyed work so much, and it was her firm intention to stay with the job as long as she might be needed.

The following morning I found Mr. Moulton, Miss Huxley and Mr. Emerson at their desks at the welfare headquarters of the LeMans area. The A. L. A., by the

way, is the only organization which is permitted to have office room there, and it gives us a great advantage in the constant readjustments of our work necessitated by the kaleidoscopic changes always going on at the American Embarkation Center. It seemed odd at first to find most of the A. L. A. personnel nowhere near a library. But before my day at Le Mans was ended I understood the situation. Many branches were ably administered from a bookless headquarters just as the Brooklyn Public Library is managed from 26 Brevoort place. All day long Mr. Moulton and I drove from branch to branch throughout this great area and although we must have covered fifty or sixty miles, I was told we had not seen a quarter of it. Suffice it to say that never in my life have I visited so many libraries in the course of a single day. I met a great many librarians too, but the one I remember best of all I didn't even see. This was Miss Ferguson. She was absent from her post by the express command of the General. Some international horse races were in progress and she had to ride the General's horse! Our overseas personnel must be prepared, you see, to serve the A. L. A. and advance its interests in ways which are often quite unforeseen.

That night I had some rest in a Red Cross dormitory, but was called by the faithful Jap steward at the unseemly hour

of 2:45 a.m. to take the train back to Paris. Thus ended my service with the A. L. A. in France. After a day or two in Paris, mostly devoted to American, French and British passport *visés*, I embarked for England, whence I was booked to sail for home. After six months of Paris, everybody in England seemed incredibly kind, everything in England incredibly low in price. I was almost sorry to leave England even to come to the A. L. A.

Although the Holland-American liner *Nieuwe Amsterdam*, the ship that brought me home, is not a transport, she took on two thousand American troops at Brest before turning her nose westward. It was with some misgivings that I inquired whether any reading matter for the men was on board. I need not have worried. The Hoboken dispatch office is still very much on the job, and there was an ample supply of fresh new books and recent magazines. At last I was in a position to do a bit of work on shipboard myself. Now I have seen with my own eyes how far good books can go to make boys forget the cramped discomfort of a sea voyage in the steerage. Scarcely ever were books and magazines out of the hands of those boys until we sighted the Statue of Liberty last Thursday. Then my eighteen months with the A. L. A. War Service came to an end. It was hard work, it was great fun, and I'm glad its over.

ADVANCED LIBRARY TRAINING FOR RESEARCH WORKERS

BY ANDREW KEOGH, *Librarian, Yale University*

In giving this subject to a university librarian, the implication must certainly have been that a "research worker" is to be understood in the university sense, and not in the ordinary sense of a person who is carrying on any kind of careful inquiry or examination. If I am right in restricting "research" in this way, I will go further and say that although the spirit and methods of research are by no means limited to the graduate school, it is chiefly

in that school that the spirit of research is inculcated and its methods taught and required. Research is indeed the mark of the graduate school, distinguishing it from the college on the one hand and from the technical and professional schools on the other. The research worker that I have in mind is therefore a person who has had such preliminary training as to be able to profit fully by higher training, and who enters a graduate school for the double